

P. o. angl.

167

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Translated

and

Original Poems,

by

CHARLES HODGES.

P.O. angl. 167 m
(2)

O r i g i n a l P o e m s.



Original Paper

—1804—

T r a n s l a t e d
and
O r i g i n a l P o e m s ,
by

CHARLES HODGES.

— — — — *Euge, quo descendere gestis*
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. Quid miser egi?
HORACE.

In two volumes.

Vol. II.

COBLENTZ.

Published and printed by R. F. HERGT.

1 8 3 4.



Translated

and

Original Poems

by

CHARLES HODGERS

— "Hodgers," the description of
the only volume published till this year 1881
Hodgers

In two volumes.

Vol. II.

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Published and printed by H. F. ...

1881



This

L i t t l e V o l u m e

is inscribed

to the best of mothers,

by

her affectionate son,

the Author.

*Nicht länger wollen diese Lieder leben,
Als bis ihr Klang ein fühlend Herz erfreut,
Mit schönern Phantasien es umgeben,
Zu höheren Gefühlen es geweiht;
Zur fernen Nachwelt wollen sie nicht schweben,
Sie tönten, sie verhallen in der Zeit.
Des Augenblickes Lust hat sie geboren,
Sie fliehen fort im leichten Tanz der Horen!*

SCHILLER.

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E R R A T A.

Page 41. To a friend on parting; in the fourth line,
for *wile*, read *while*.

In the table of contents to the first volume, inadvertently the *Bride of Messina* page 97 is entirely omitted, and *Don Carlos* referred to an improper page, which should be 75, and not 97.

TO MY MOTHER.

Each living thing the general quiet seems to share, —
The very leaves are slumbering in the summer air!
I feel a tranquil joy and placid coolness *now*,
Which have not visited for many a year my brow;
And purer, holier thoughts are dwellers of my mind, —
It may be, somewhat of the years I left behind
Returning — youth's integrity! How little *then*
Could I foresee, the much we have to learn as men.
But why, unpliant harp, attune such notes of sadness,
Where nothing lives but sunshine and the voice of gladness?
Be every strain consoling from a distant land,
Let all be roses gathered for so fair a hand,
Dear parent, *thine*: ah, dare I ever hope to be,
That which I should have been, the counterpart of *thee*!

**WRITTEN BENEATH MOUNT
ST. GOTHARD.**

Would'st thou view Nature and her wildest powers?

Beneath Saint Gothard stand with opening day,
And lift thine eye to where his summit towers

In clouds, in snows that scorn the solar ray,
Which vanish not like life's uncertain hours;

And if the terrible thy soul delight,
Look down to where the Teesin's boiling waves
Are flung from rock to rock, now dark, now bright,
Until, o'erspent with rage, impervious caves

The weary waters to repose invite:
And when the wintry blast at midnight raves,
Here pause, and hearken to the tempest's might.

Amid such scenes, a grand conceptive force
The mind of man attains, — from such discourse!

THE RECLUSE.

Ach! dein Traum

Im Lande der Entsagung war so schwer!

MATTHISSON.

The land where orange trees profusely throw
Their blossoms on the earth, and serve to screen
From Summer's scorching sun the peasant's brow;
Where vineyards, citron-groves, are mingling seen:
In cloister there, a maiden wastes her days.
Not Cynthia glittering through Italian air
More chaste and lovely to the wanderer's gaze,
Than her light form, as oft to vesper prayer,
With steps which scarce the sleep of silence break,
And folded arms she winds the mountains side:
In hall or bower, who once like *her* could wake
The mirthful song? but since her lover died,
Her eyes their lustre lack; her lips of love
Discourse no more; all thoughts are fixed above!

ON THE CREATION.

A chaos dark and wild pervaded space !
Nor music's tone — nor winds' — nor voices' sound ;
But chill and breathless stillness floated round.
Nought could the past, nor ought the present trace ;
No sun — no moon — no stars ! night only frowned ,
A rayless void — a sea without a bound !
When stretched Omnipotence his ample wing,
Straight, silence fled, and light streamed on the earth ;
The trees put forth their foliage, as at Spring ;
And man was made to rule each living thing.
All *then* was nature, innocence, and mirth :
A thousand thousand ages cannot bring
Such happy moment back ? — Time sweeps aside,
And piles up wrecks of passion, power, and pride.

A VISION OF THE LAST DAY.

‘Ho fatto un Sogno. Che Sogno tremendo.’ —

Le Veglie di Tasso.

The hour of morn was past, yet of the sun
No custom'd ray was seen along the sky;
And men crept forth in terror, one by one;
I heard unnumbered prayers ascend on high!
Still darkness waxed, the mountains shook, the sea
O'erleapt its boundaries; the forest tree,
Unstirred by winds, waved low and mournfully;
Wolves left their haunts, to seek the human hearth;
The soaring eagle drooped with pinion bound;
And signs in heaven foretold the end of earth.
Methought, crowds stood their empty cities 'round,
Pale, — shivering with despair, and fear, and dearth:
The lightnings fell, the storm its wrath unfurled,
Each element devoured *each*, and *all* the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

There burst from Avon's banks a lofty strain,
It was like mountain music to the ear,
So shrilly wild; — anon, it sank again
To cadence soft; then changed to sounds of fear
And tumult, lighting up the torch of war
Among strange nations, or intestine hate,
As fell great Julius like a falling star,
A mortal meriting a better fate.
Nor less inventive was the poet's brain
To summon spirits, 'till we gaze aghast,
Suspend our breathing, while through every vein
Cold shudderings creep, as phantoms hover past:
Camp, senate, haunted heath, or serenade;
All scenes, his pen with equal truth portrayed.

M I L T O N.

To be alone was never solitude
To him whose fancy peopled every wood
And cavern, every rock and rivulet;
To him, who oft amid sweet scented heath
With morn's ambrosial dew-shower wet,
Would lie and listen with suspended breath
The heavenward soaring lark's aerial song;
And then his spirit waxed for earth too strong,
And through immensity with beings flew
Of purer essence, and familiar grew
With Nature's laws, and mysteries sublime,
Before the birth of Nature and of Time:
Until, bedazzled with eternal light,
All sublunary objects left his sight.

D R Y D E N.

Italia ! oft amid thy ruins grey
Shall pilgrims pause, in wonder pause, and sigh
To find such beings shame thy mightier day :
Slaves on the site of Rome, — of Liberty !
Of thee our Dryden sang, his temples wreathed
With corn and myrtle, songs of ancient time,
The Mantuan bard's, in other tongue he breathed,
The wars and tillage of Ausonia's clime.
Yet, solely not such task inspired a mind
Of strong, original, and nervous thought, —
He who the poet, critic, friend combined :
To whom the Muse (by stricter rules untaught)
Descended as a costly, rugged stone,
To which subduing Time could lustre add alone.

P O P E.

While mirth engaged the urchin-band, one boy
Would ever sit apart and lonesome, joy
Of sterner order his, for ancient lore
He loved, and Homer's page would linger o'er;
Ingrafting on his mind the deeds and names
Of men, possessing godlike souls, and frames
Of giant mould, while earth and time were young —
From whom our weak degenerate race hath sprung.
In softest measurement his verses flow;
His images with magic beauty glow:
Whether, sweet passion's tale inspire his lay,
Or harsher theme, the joining nations' fray;
Melodious still, a placid river flowing:
A cultured garden, where no weeds are growing.

B Y R O N.

'Tis pleasant to call back to mind the time
When sensibility first touched the soul;
I well remember, how apart I stole,
Gave hours of play to minstrelsy sublime.
Years had the Muses slept, the Orphean lyre
But trembling to some weak inglorious lay,
When Harold's Bard appeared, — immortal fire
Of genius! dazzling as the solar ray!
What, through the maddening force of passions high,
If deeds less pure his youth's career o'ercast:
Thou moralist, go, bend on Greece thine eye,
Whate'er those deeds, redeeming were his last;
A stranger sacrificing blood and gold,
To enfranchise, to make her as of old.

WRITTEN IN HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Lo! dark against a red autumnal sky,
The Monarch-mountain rears his summit high;
Firm and unshaken, from his sylvan throne
He saw these turrets raised and overthrown.
His footstool is a wilderness of death;
Tower on tower, statue statue fallen beneath,
Chambers unroofed, and grass-grown steedless stalls,
Inscriptions worn away, and levelled walls
Of dungeons gaping to the winds and sun:
These blow as fresh, — that shines as brightly on
The soil, wherein the tyrant and his slave
Now undistinguished rest; they each shall have
Posterity's reward, in hate, or love:
Be doomed to hell, or joy in Paradise above.

WRITTEN AMONG RUINS.

What were these walls of yore? What are they now?
Dark blemishes on Nature's sunny brow.
Their warriors' battles ceased, whose mightiest deeds
Fill legendary tales the stripling reads;
Yes, battle-axe and banner, spear and shield,
With many a fearless hand such arms to wield,
When strength the best of boons was held to be,
And banquet boards commingled blood and glee;
Where honour strangely mixed with priestly wiles,
And deep revenge its purpose cloaked in smiles:
These, with their lairs of force, and fraud, and pride,
Save a few rugged stones, are swept aside
By Time; as whirlwinds hurry o'er the plain,
And leave but blasted tree and shattered fane.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

Around me works all Nature busily ;
The bee is bearing to its hive a sweet
And golden treasure, for their wild haunts fly
The birds, with song and food their mates to meet.
And lo ! a flower-decked team moves slowly by —
The bounty of the earth, nutritious wheat ;
While reapers through the fields and winding lanes
Lag homeward, thoughtless, whistling on their way ;
Poor, but contented with their little gains.
Each has contributed to bless the day,
Has healthful limb and mind, will sleep serene,
Sounder than this unprofitable clay,
Which has nor building, sowing, gathering been :
Sole sluggish thing, in life's industrious scene.

ON READING THE VOYAGE OF
COLUMBUS.

The sudden sight of one, who long hath roved
In distant climes, the friend of youthful years;
Returning health upon a cheek beloved,
Th' imagined dead, for whom have poured our tears;
A shed to him that hath not where to lie;
The light, and mountain air, and sky above,
To one escaped from dark captivity;
The branch of olive which the weary dove
Brought those desponding inmates of the ark:
Such joy was *thine*, Columbus, when thine eyes
Through many a peril past, first from thy bark
Beheld the morning sun in glory rise
Upon the land of hope, thy canvass furled,
And proudly trod the earth — *a new-found World!*

ON A HOT SPRING.

Ye restless waters, will ye never sleep?
Your boiling billows never cool themselves?
Whence do ye flow? down in earth's central deep
Is your huge caldron fixed; or where the elves
Hold feast in grotto subterranean?
From wheresoever place ye rise, ye come
With fresh and healing blessings unto man.
I would have likened your eternal foam
To passion — passion of the human heart:
I will not wrong ye; turbulent ye are,
But kind; your errand mercy to impart:
While 'gainst ourselves our angry natures war,
We deal destruction round us, blow on blow;
More like the torrents from the Alpine snow!

THE GIRL AT THE SPRING.

Clear element! so gently shape thy rills
Their subterfluent travel into day,
We scarce are conscious how this marble fills,
Its tide perpetually borne away.
Though unlike human hours corrupt with sin,
Thy rills, are human hours, still on the wing!
Deep blushing at her face reflected in,
Behold a lovely damsel at the spring:
Gaze on, sweet girl! When years have fled in strife
And care, thou'lt shrink thy altered self to meet.
The water, is a type of future life.
She, of the things which wither while they fleet;
Time — youth — age, rapidly revolving by,
As shadows on the ocean of Eternity.

ON TASSO'S CAPTIVITY.

‘Torquato! ove sei tu! Ove?’ —

Le Veglie di Tasso.

With heavy sound the Captive's fetters joined,
Each separate link had rusted with his tears:
Albeit loss of liberty his mind
Could not abase; though darkness, and long years
Of solitude and sickness had assailed, —
In reason's aid a mightier spell prevailed!
Hope, meteor-like, will pierce a dungeon's gloom;
And love o'ermaster fate's severest doom:
The tyrant's hand may torture, chain, or kill, —
But cannot subjugate the soul: it still
Has power to love; and power to feel, each prayer
The injured breathe will reach the ear of Heaven.
'Mid unredressed wrongs let none despair —
We know not *wherefore* sufferance be given!

*On contrasting the solitude of my chamber with
the festivities which had so shortly before
surrounded me.*

The sweetest bowl of pleasure carries pain!
An hour, and all was merriment; 'tis gone,
And doubly do I feel myself alone.
Come sleep! for thou can'st conjure up again
The past; can'st make these arms the happy zone
Of youthful charms; these lips drop honied words,
The thousand thoughts a heated brain affords.
O blind destructive chase! an object won,
Whose passion, may be, we can ne'er requite:
My beauteous partner * gave this myrtle-bloom;
It withers fast, nor will outlive the night,
And who, a moment may retard its doom?
So joy oft leaves upon the heart a blight, —
A hopeless love, which hurries to the tomb!

* Of the dance.

To the Memory of Pestalozzi, whose humane and excellent system of education cannot be too highly appreciated, nor too closely followed.

If mortal words may reach the soul above,
Thou oft wilt hear the aged blessing thee,
As wax their sons in wisdom and in love;
Like goodly plants around the parent tree.
Who hath not seen fair promises in youth,
By too much rigour blasted; virtue, truth,
And courage sapped; and manly pride debased?
An opening flower is delicate; to rear
The tender mind, demands an equal care;
Before its life's pure mirrors should be placed,
Where worth, and glorious character appear:
So graving thoughts, which cannot be effaced.
To contemplate his fruitful work one day,
Shall well the Master's zealous care repay!

Written on the first appearance of the "Cholera morbus" in London, in 1852.

"The pest!" "The pest!" re-echoes far and near,
And ever and anon the cheek grows pale,
As rumour speeds from door to door some tale
Of recent horror for the timid ear.
All gaze around then with prophetic fear!
All tremble for the fate of those they love!
Fear makes men to their hearthstone closer cling;
Ay, not prosperity, but suffering
And peril, most the heart's affection prove.
Oh, bend to Him from whom all mercies spring,
(One falling leaf escapes not Him above,)
That he may shelter us beneath his wing,
May circumscribe destruction ere it spread,
And stand between the living and the dead!

A PICTURE IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

The strongest fabric sin has even wrought,
Will yield admittance to repentant thought.
When Satan, poised midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
Looked 'round his ancient heritage to trace,
Where world on world rode through the fields of space;
What would not mad ambition's slave have given,
To tear the sign of vengeance from his brow,
Forget the past, and hell and pain forego? —
Such change the murderer's heart hath undergone,
Smote by the dread and justice of his doom;
'Till now, reflection's hour had never come;
But fettered, and unpitied, and alone,
His bosom yearns for innocence; in vain!
What hope can mingle with the prayer of CAIN?

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

As winter wanes, the first returning sun
To Alpine peasant in his rude-built cot;
Such joy the wanderer felt; his feet had won
An eminence (it was a favorite spot),
From whence his eye might traverse every grove
And field wherein his boyhood's gambols flew;
Again behold his father's roof of love, —
All like a dream presented to his view!
Much peril had he 'scaped in regions far;
The storm, the wave, the wild and desert way;
From lawless bands, and sickness, toil, and war:
Twice twenty years had glided since the day
Ambition first his steps from home estranged,
And *what* had he returned to meet? — the dead or changed!

ON THE GERMAN POETS GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

A glad old age to Göthe was decreed,
While care and early death proved Schiller's meed.
Twin-masters of their land's poetic lyre,
More tenderness one breathes — the other fire.
At morn, when wakened from refreshing rest,
On Göthe's page the eye doth linger best,
Or in the moonshine of a summer's night;
But in the storm-girt wood, by ember light,
It loves the fantasies that Schiller wrought,
Which strip from life each common earthly thought;
So, when afflictions press, awhile we lose
Our own, by pondering o'er fictitious woes:
'Gainst passions strong, the mind wants deeper yet,
To learn to bear — to war with — or forget.

WRITTEN IN THE DEEPEST AFFLICTION

Say, weary wandering heart, say when will cease
Thy struggles? ye all darkened hours of life,
When cheerful shine? never! eternal strife,
Increasing cares, the bosom's blighted peace,
Are dealt to me, 'till death my soul release:
Still let me learn with fortitude to bear,
Nor madly war and wrestle with my lot.
I've dwelt alone — with stars and mountains, air
And ocean, thinking from my brain to blot
All things save heaven and the fresh smiling earth,
Delusive hope! forgetfulness was not
For me decreed, in solitude or mirth;
The banquet's glare was torture, and my mind
Mid Nature's fairest scenes in secret pined!

**FROM AN ANECDOTE RELATED BY
LORD BYRON.**

Quae me suspensam, insomnia terrent.

VIRGIL.

Yes, ye may scoff, who know not such things are,
Forewarning shapes which come in dead of night;
I saw the form of one beloved, though far,
A countenance familiar to my sight,
But deeming it some spectre of the brain,
At first I strove to shake it off with rest;
The features were renewed, the same again,
And heavily upon my mem'ry prest:
Then forth I stretched my arms as to embrace,
When lo! my touch a dripping garment chilled.
Day dawned — months fled — but time could ne'er efface
The presage of that hour, which was fulfilled:
Though thousand leagues between us rolled the tide,
Yet on that night, in Indian seas my brother died!

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

A snow white sepulchre in hallowed place,
The maiden seemed amid surrounding gloom;
Of beauty but the twilight was her face —
Though young; a prematurely withered bloom!
Yet, neither tear, complaining, sigh suppress,
Nor aught of passion dark the sign revealed:
A something still denied a heart at rest,
A settled air of anguish unconcealed.
The moonlit bay, its silent crowd of rocks,
The glittering sea whereon her shadow fell,
The winds that rudely stirred her coal-black locks:
Had these about her thrown a fatal spell?
Caused they the melancholy which she felt?
No! — 'twas on wasted hopes, and broken vows she dwelt

THE FATAL DISCOVERY.

Brief shelter from the storm a stranger sought;
No page the tidings of his coming brought,
He was alone. His host a warrior bold
In youth had been, whose present happier care
Was one fair child, a maiden chaste and fair
As morning when its gates of light unfold!
Long Philip tarried there, that maiden's charms
Had chained him to the spot; but fate disarms
E'en beauty's power, fate destined them to part:
The huntsman, not the monarch, won her love;
The eagle is no helpmate for the dove.
His rank disclosed, she murmured not, her heart
Was smitten cold: *'his sun's meridian ray*
'Is bright,' she said, *'while mine has past away.'*

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

She trod upon the grass around his narrow bed,
As if she feared to break the slumber of the dead;
Her hand a simple garland bore, mixed flowers and bays,
Sweet emblems of his life, its pure, its glorious days:
She hung this on the cross, believing firm therein,
And counting death the hour when virtue's days begin.
She came and fled again, as visions come and pass;
As sunbeams seen on waves reflected in a glass.
And where she rose from kneeling, where her steps had been,
I searched and doubted, but her tears and garland green
Were fresh and glittering on the spot: may such be mine!
Such tributes! dearer than the pompous gilded line,
Or sculptured urn; the warm heart's offering unto those
We never cease to love, though destined *here* to lose.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A FEUDAL CASTLE IN GERMANY.

Dark heap ! they who have read thine annals back,
Will shuddering vacate walls, whose stones are black
With murder, sacrilege, and every crime
Which tyrants wrought therein in olden time ;
Will turn from thee to pleasant scenes of wood
And hamlet, vine-clothed hill, and winding flood.
Great spirits of the past ! if one of ye
When mortal, from these heights ere gazed like me,
Like me, perchance, essayed to sweep the lyre,
Inspired with thoughts such prospect must inspire ;
If too, exiled his *home* by adverse fate,
Oh, let him speak ! despite of wrong, or hate,
Or sophistry ; as mine now yearns, did not
His bosom yearn for *that* forsaken spot ?

TO _____

A voice as from the dead I send these lines to thee,
The token of a love that was — no more to be! —
Oh wild and rash has been my course, a demon power
Prevailed; yet know, in passion's even guiltiest hour
When I have strained another's bosom unto mine,
In secret hath my spirit wished, that bosom thine!
Oft has thine image in the time of mirth pursued,
And haunted in the shady forest's solitude;
As through the branches night-winds melancholy sighed,
My breast with sudden uncalled impulse hath replied,
Unhopeful, vain regret! the moment is gone by,
Which might perhaps again have bound our broken tie:
And lands and seas divide; yet neither sea nor land
Keeps us apart, but Fate's insuperable hand!

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.*

'Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.' — Acts of the Apostles.

Mid Scribe and Rabbi, skilled in ancient lore
And holy writ, behold Judea's king!
Himself well conversant in rite and law.
His dark and heavy brow severely bent;
His fixed and penetrating eye; his lip
Half buried in a black and matted beard,
Whose locks in vain essay to cloak the scorn
And hate malignant visible beneath.
His garb of purple and fine linen wrought;
While 'round him are the splendours of the East,
Banner and timbrel, slave and frankincense,
With Roman banners floating through the air.
Beside the king, voluptuously attired,
Just at the full meridian hour of life

* From a splendid historical picture by Richard Marsden Esqr., who, from the depth of imagination and force of colouring he has displayed throughout his arduous undertaking, proves beyond doubt, that much might be effected to restore a noble though decayed branch of the art, were public taste and public encouragement but in proportion to individual exertion. C. H.

And fair above her sex, Bernice sits, —
 His Queen, th' incestuous partner of his bed.
 And lo, where Rome's proud consul, Festus, stands;
 A tall and stately tower; nor scarcely deigns
 (Despising both the captive and the judge)
 A glance upon the pageantry around.

Within the distant port are ships descried,
 Their white sails glittering in the morning sun;
 The palms and cedars stirring with the breeze;
 The amphitheatre, triumphal arch;
 The hills, the aqueducts and temples vast:
 All harmonizing, give a grandeur to
 The scene, and elevate the gazer's thoughts:
 We pierce the mystic veil of ages past,
 View men and things depicted as they were;
 A crowd of wisdom, wealth, and bigotry! —

Before this mighty synod Paul appears.
 Two dreary winters had obscured the earth,
 Two brilliant summers had with beauty clad
 The Caesarian shores, enlivening all
 Save *him* shut out from day, in thraldom held;
 Yet, darkness and captivity, that oft
 Consume the frame and enervate the mind

Of man, a brighter lustre shed on Paul;
E'en as a star of heaven from clouds emerged,
Shines forth resplendent with redoubled light.
Submissive *he* in patient meekness bows,
Well knowing such to be the will of God;
Reproached, he utters no reproach, but stands
In conscious rectitude to plead his cause;
Nor seems to feel the fetters on his limbs —
The weight is at his heart: less for himself
Than others grieved. His form of easy grace
And dignity; the brow of thought; the eye
Of modesty, and truth, and sacred love.
We almost catch the tide of eloquence
His lips pour out; words that convince the heart,
And like celestial music win the ear.

'Tis written, when he spake no more, there reigned
A death-like silence; every soul was filled
With sudden awe; abashed the council rose,
While King Agrippa, trembling on his throne,
Declared *the words of Paul his captive true*.
Wondrous, inscrutable the ways of God!
Though scoffed, imprisoned, abject, poor and weak —
This servant of his choice his arm upheld,
And made the pillar of the Christian world!

THE SEA SHORE.

To _____

« Quando me quiz enganar
A minha bella pejura. » —

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

'Twas delightful in days of my boyhood so free,
To be borne like a bird on the waves of the sea,
And to gather wild weeds which the foam flung around,
Or to lose my own voice in its deep swelling sound:
But far dearer the hour when I clasped thy fair hand,
When by starlight we strayed o'er the rocks and the sand;
While each beam, as it danced with the stir of the sea,
Seemed as bright as our feelings, as happy as we.
Well I knew, those impressions our feet left behind,
Must soon fade in the war of the billows and wind;
But I thought not that moments so tenderly blest,
The warm pressure of lips, and the sighs of the breast,
And the vows you so oft and so fervently swore,
Would prove faithless and false as the prints on the shore.

FRIENDSHIP.

If other joy there be
To equal that which lovers feel,
'Tis when with friendship full and free,
An hour from life we steal.

Not one of feast and wine,
But meditative calm delight;
An innocent and healthsome shrine,
Where soul and soul unite!

Like Heaven's refreshing dew
Are friendships, yet as flowers we cherish
Transient: of those we prize, how few
But change — or part — or perish!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

As language is more fit the character to tell,
So painting can delineate but expression well.
The Poet hath to aid him only one dark hue,
While various tints the Painter's fancy may imbue.
To what perfection art would rise, could they unite
As brothers, pen and pencil colour and endite.

STANZAS ON NIGHT.

All eyes are locked in sleep,
Like death, but oh, less deep!
How many dreaming now of joy
Shall never more awake;
A sudden chilness break
Their vision off, and life destroy.

Dark night! thou giv'st a birth
To wondrous shapes, of earth
And spheres remote; ye strangely meet,
Wild thoughts and fantasies,
In slumber's fast-sealed eyes,
With sharpened pain, or transport sweet.

Time when all labours close,
Time of the world's repose, —
The festival of human love;
When infants seek the breast:
Sweet, holy hour! when best
The soul wafts orisons above.

While musing on old lays,
Or scenes of youthful days;
Friends here, and some for ever gone;

By his pale taper's light,
Inwrapt in visions bright

Or sad, the poet sits alone :

Around him Fancy weaves
Her spell, his heart receives

New life, and lulled are passion's wars :
A rapture silence brings,
'Till high on outspread wings,
His spirit mingles with the stars.

Or if beneath the shade
Of wood or tower decayed

He wanders, burdensome with grief;
Peace breathes the sunless air,
And solitude to care
Is balm, while music stirs each leaf.

Great God ! thy bounty dwells
On all, thy mercy swells

The heart to tributary prayer ;
Thy full creative mind
Ordaining Man should find
This pause, the weight of life to bear.

A SCENE IN ITALY.

From slumbers light,
The dreams of night,
As fresh as dawning day,
Sate one — the fairest of Italia's court!
A landscape wide before her lay;
And palace, dome, and fort

Beneath her spread,
Hushed as the dead!
The distant mountains gleamed
In morning's fresh and roseate glow;
While golden radiance brightly streamed
On immemorial snow.

Forests of pines,
And fields of vines,
Formed margins darkly green
'Round many a lake of water still,
Wherein the wild bird oft was seen
Plunging its hungry bill.

The Tiber wide
Its furious tide
Rolled on, its banks o'erhung

With cypresses ; the shattered tower
And column to which ivy clung,
Stood — wrecks of pride and power !

The softest hue
Of heavenly blue
Was spread above ; and low
And rushing sounds swelled in the breeze,
From stream and torrent's mingling flow ;
And tall and stately trees

Waved gracefully
Her casement nigh.
Why sighed that lady fair,
And wherefore should her tear-drops fall ?
Oh, for that one was wanting there,
More fondly loved than all !

TO MY MOTHER ON HER NATAL DAY.

Dear parent ! if to thee I bring this day
No verse my filial tenderness to prove ;
'Tis, that no pen may paint unbounded love,
No language half the heart's best wishes say.

L I F E.

Thus human life is past; in infancy

Behold the mother, from all grief beguiled
When bending o'er its sleep, her watchful eye
Doth catch the smiles seraphically mild
Which lighten up the features of her child;
Then mark the boy, bounding on his way,
Impatient of control, artless and wild, —
The hours of mental toil forgot in play:
Thrice happy years! too rapidly ye glide away.

Next trace him to some wood's sequestered bower,
Breathing his ardent soul the gentle ears, —
The voice of love! who hath not felt that power,
Endeared by all its checquered hopes and fears,
Its mingled sweet and bitter, smiles and tears.
At last, supremely blest, around him grows,
Another race; then heavy care appears
To crook his form, his eye no longer glows,
And o'er his thoughtful brow Time sprinkles wintry snows.

A little while, and joy with him has done;
Unheeded summers come and go, in vain

Fruits blush, and flowers bloom sweetly in the sun;
A little while, and sickness, age, and pain, —
Weak mind, and wasted limb alone remain:

Then tolls the bell to air his spirit's flight.

Adam! thy name will be a lasting stain
While time exists, thy sin a hateful blight,
A sad remembrance, and a shade to all delight.

TO A FRIEND ON PARTING.

Drear Winter now has folded up his wing,
And sweet it is to breathe the air of Spring,
To hear the birds, to watch the fountains play,
With love to wile the hours of youth away;
But sweeter than all these, the gale will be,
Auspicious gale! which bears thee back to me.

WHY WOMAN WAS MADE FROM THE RIB OF MAN.

Not from man's *head* was woman formed, for high degree;
Nor from beneath his *foot*, his abject slave to be;
But from beneath his *arm*, to claim his anxious care,
And near his *heart*, his all confiding love to share! —

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

The chamber's glimmering lamp a child
In restless sleep betrayed,
Of aspect delicate and mild,
For patient suffering made;
Her cheek was pale as death,
And pale her lips! whose breath
Disturbed at times bright locks of silken hair,
As gossamer is moved by summer air.

And there was slumbering a boy
Of strong and healthy limb;
To him all visions were of joy,
No sorrow burdened him,
Still smiling as he dreamed:
How different they seemed!
He like a full blown rose of beauteous May;
While *she* as pale and drooping jasmin lay.

The mother watched, with silent grief
Beheld her child expire;
As rain drops gradual quit the leaf,
Or as lute-tones retire.

Full ofttimes would she bend
In prayer, then Hope would blend
A moment with her thoughts, 'till all doubt fled
The speechless look — the coldness of the dead.

ON THE MINERAL SPRING OF TOENNES- STEIN.

As, Tönnesstein, I lately paused beside
The rock that holds thy clear, cold, iron tide;
And saw successive bubbles shoot up bright,
Then disappear like meteors of the night:
I thought on human hopes, which dawn and die
As soon — the perished joy, the broken tie!

A WANDERER'S THOUGHT.

This stone, by torrents hollow worn,
Is like unto a heart with grief decayed;
Yon oak, by lightning scathed and torn,
A mind whereon calamity hath preyed:
The tree was fruitful once, the stone entire and smooth;
So too were *they*, that *heart* and *mind*, in early youth.

S T A N Z A S.

Frank, as usual, throughout in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it was, to say the least, favourable to him. —

MOORE'S Life of Lord Byron.

Vain earth! false world! foundations must be laid
In heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

How woven is a glorious name
With an unhappy lot;
How error blended is with fame,
One mourned — both unforgot!
If self-reproach be a repentant sign,
Such may we trace in many a bitter line.

From very birth of spirit proud;
High talents, wealth and power
Had made him glitter in the crowd —
The idol of an hour!
The cup of praise, so perilous, he quaff —
And deadly poison was to him the draft.

Connubial love he lived to find
Unfit his state to be;
His was an erring, restless mind,

Still panting to be free:

The wild stag pines upon the meadow grass,
Pines for his range of hill and rocky pass.

A word or look will oftentimes breed

In hearts that strongest love
Distrust, which sycophants will feed,
And revel most above

The ruin they have wrought: this luckless twain
Were severed *thus*, and never met again.

THE FALLEN ANGELS.

Man's far aspiring mind hints what ye were;
And what ye *are*, his passions, pains aver!
But say, where dwell ye, mighty spirits, where?
Do ye unresting wander earth and air?
It may be, lightnings shoot forth from your eyes,
And loud tornadoes are your frantic sighs,
The deep volcanic fire a living trace
Of your restrained but never quenching pride,
And yon vast ocean's dark unfathomed tide
The gathered tears of myriads of your race?

THE CAPTIVE SPANIARD.

(*A fragmental sketch.*)

‘Lasciate ogni speranza voi, che ’ntrate.’ —

Dante, Inferno. iii. 9.

Thus all companionless my lot,
To be by *all* perchance forgot;
Thus year on year, and day by day,
To wither as the dead away.
The dead are happier, they of woe
From human malice nothing know.
I have no chance of better change;
No hope, as in my youth, to range
The hills or through the forests roam, —
Which forests skirt my native home.
Too much my spirit is subdued,
To taste such pleasures if I could;
Or they might cloud my eye, or blight
The residue of mental light.

* * *

How I have listened when I heard
The notes of shepherd's pipe or bird,
And as they sank as noiseless dreams,
Still dwelt thereon, and pictured streams
And waving trees — until again

Made conscious of my heavy chain!
For I had loved, and such a scene
Had witness of that passion been;
My Adeline was fair, had given
Her vows before the face of heaven
To me, — and for her truth she died: —
The death I courted, fate denied.

* * *

The *ivy* clasps my dungeon wall,
It is not held like me in thrall;
The *ivy* hath the sun and air:
My mates are darkness and despair!
A hundred years it is the same,
It pineth not like me in frame:
True, winds may tear, and lightning blast,
Or man uproot, destroy and waste;
But still it moulders in the earth —
Within the soil which gave it birth; —
While I — shall living see no more
My fatherland, Hispania's shore,
And should I perish *here*, my bed
Will be my grave — the stones I tread!
Yes! even *then* they will deny
A turf beneath the open sky.

* * *

I could my bitter grief have tamed,
Were *some* though distant period named,
When I might cherish hopes to be
Beside my home, *a moment free!*
Methinks I would as forfeiture
For such a boon, again endure
Its loss, the loss of light and air;
Again — *as now*, these fetters wear!

TO A LADY,
*Who rebuked the Author on account of his strange
medley of Books.*

Lady! thou urg'st 'tis sinful thus
To blend the true and fabulous,
The sceptical and sacred pages;
Tomes, unallied in creeds; or tongues, or ages.
Reflect an instant, thou wilt find
Unequal thoughts crowd on thy mind:
If in the brains thoughts dwell not single,
Where is the crime, their tablets, books to mingle?

PERSIA.
(*A fragment.*)

Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

BYRON.

Hail, Iran! though impaired, yet still thy throne
Is left 'mid ruined states, a radiant beam
Of elder time, of power and greatness gone.
Time levels all things: Rome is like a dream;
Carthage and Babylon, a schoolboy's theme.
Thou stand'st, not proudly as in other days —
Without thy palaces the foe, — the gleam
Of treasonous knife within; where'er we gaze,
Destruction waits thee, wars or civil discords blaze!

In vain doth valour strive, the spear and bow
But erring prove, when pitiless and strong
The northern robber comes; terrific foe!
Still strengthening, like a deluge sweeps along.
Alas! can neither chivalry, nor song,
Nor deeds of old, nor years of glory bright
Prevent thy downfall, nor avenge thy wrong?
Invoke thy Cyrusses, thy men of might,
Thy dread Cambyses' armies matchless in the fight!

Elam of holy writ, star of the earth,

Fair Persia! beautifully blue thy sky,

Grateful the flowers to which thy soil gives birth,

And rich the gems that in its caverns lie;

Thy quarries marbles yield of every die,

Adorning mosque and tomb and temple grand:

Yet gem nor marble can with Tabriz vie?

Untoiled for in the bowels of the land —

But struck from sleeping waters as by magic wand.

Here cooling winds assuage the heat of day,

Here balmy balsams scatter fragrance 'round;

Here melody's sweet soul-subduing sway

Charms the long summer noon with varied sound,

Height'ning e'en joy and healing sorrow's wound

For music doth compose; the bird in bower,

The torrents as from rock to rock they bound,

The moaning of the breeze, have wondrous power

To sooth the bosom in its melancholy hour.

Oft hill and fruitful valley intervene, —

And rivulets with softest cadence run

Through Schira's fields of spice and evergreen,

Schira, the favoured daughter of the sun!

On whose clear aspect falls no shadow dun

From forests dark or precipices' height;

The rude and terrible her presence shun:

Through Farsistan pour beams of Eastern light,

Effulgent as those charms that weary not the sight.

Full rises over Schira's walls the moon,

Lighting the spot where Haufez wise and brave —

Revered by all his race, reposes. Soon —

Too soon he died, yon garden keeps his grave,

Around which cypresses their branches wave.

His soul, to poetry and freedom prone,

Rather than live the monarch's pampered slave,

Than join the servile flatt'ers of his throne,

A pastoral life preferred in scenes obscure and lone.

Such beings have existed, minds which chose

In stubborn, self-formed quietude to dwell,

Scorning the gifts that fortune's hand bestows,

Who cared not what the world might deem or tell,

Their own deep feelings made a heaven or hell;

The outward ills of flesh but little pained;

On them the war of passions harmless fell;

With zeal untiring after truth they strained:

Their guerdon, Knowledge — inward satisfaction gained.

When wealth her coffers has expanded wide,
Till pleasures cloy, and passion's taste grows cold;
When slaughtered heaps have fed the conqueror's pride,
And fame has each adventurous feat enrolled,
Perhaps recording more than should be told:
What *then* remains for bloated tyranny!

What *then* avail unhallowed joys or gold!
Can these in after time lost years supply?
Freshen the faded form? like virtue glorify?

* * * *

Ah me! that ere beneath such sunny sky,
In such a land, a land of paradise,
Beauty *alone* should be condemned to sigh,
In thralldom held by fiends in human guise,
Dissolving confidence and Truth, the ties
And hopes that should two hearts together move;
Most strange, despotic will can sacrifice
All these: 'tis ignorant, how interwove,
How near allied are Freedom, Happiness, and Love!

Encircled by its kindred flowers, as droops
Some blighted rose before the summer's done:
So feeble woman oft to passion stoops;
So joys and promises in youth begun,
Are withered ere they ripen in the sun.

Behold the stream! it glideth from its source

Till checked, then foaming on its waters run:

Thus too the mind, when urged with headlong force

'Gainst passion's rock, pursues no more a tranquil course.

Must woman minister to man, infuse

Sweets in the bitter cup of life, nor claim

His love! — He mercilessly her misuse! —

The bird in cage or forest still is tame

And gentle found, and is not she the same? —

Who gave him life? who from the wintry blast

Sheltered his tender perishable frame?

Who shares his grief? Oh, look upon the past!

Are scorn and slavery fit recompense at last?

THE DEATH BED.

How heavily revolves each saddened hour

When bending o'er a brother's bed,

We see the shadowy pinions slowly lower

Of death 'round his beloved head:

And then behold the eye upturned and black,

And feel but cold and lifeless flesh;

And know we cannot call the spirit back,

Nor move the faithful heart afresh!

FAREWELL TO MY MUSE.

I fain would sooth the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were. —
COLERIDGE.

Adieu, my grey goose quill!
I took thee up at will,
To cool my feverish brow,
As gladly quit thee now.
Ye dreams my boyhood dreamed,
How glorious *then* ye seemed;
How idle have ye proved, —
Unworthy to be loved!
That empty sound — a *name*,
What is't? A phantom flame:
An aspiration Time
Subdues, miscalled sublime!
A weary, thorny track,
Which brings the traveller back
Unto the spot he left,
And oftentimes bereft
Of peace, and with it hope;
Too sensitive to cope
With critics' rancorous heart,
Or brave neglect's keen dart.

These narrow walls of clay,
So high, they hide the day;
This nursery of vice,
Of fraud, of avarice;
This Babylon I leave,
Nor sigh at parting heave:
To-morrow shall mine eye
Salute the open sky;
The fields where winds the rill,
And turns the village mill;
Where mountain woods are waving,
And mountain torrents raving;]
The mountain breeze is sweet,
The mountaineer as fleet;
Where lasses' eyes are blue,
And lasses' bosoms true;
Whence industry doth scare
Deceit, and crime, and care;
Where fellowship is found,
Where social joys abound:
Where each and all may claim
A brother's sacred name.
There shall I freely breathe,
Will cull, and bind my wreath
Of flowers, — not Poesy!

Flowers may at pleasure die,
I heed not; Nature made,
And she may make them fade!
But thus to sell the mind,
Enrich the unrefined,
For every fool and knave
To fume, to fret, to rave,
Neglect and hunger brave —
Of slaves the veriest slave!
'Tis torture of the worst;
A bondage I must burst!
Far better live and die
In dull obscurity,
Than thus, with madness rife,
Consume my spring of life;
The sycophant of power,
To grace the festal hour
Of fools, the rich and proud, —
A banter to the crowd!

I go. — Yet wherefore now
This burden on my brow?
Why clouds mine eye a tear?
'Tis, that old friends are dear!
We weep, and turn away,

And going, still delay.
So I, first drop my pen,
Then snatch it up again;
Now passion, and now pride
Prevails, 'till seems to chide
A deep and awful voice, —
Determining my choice:
'Be gone! ere 'round thee yet
'Is closed the fatal net;
'Resign the Muse for ever!
'Else, peace and thou must sever:
'As man respect thyself!
'For perishable pelf
'Or fame, despise to barter
'The spirit's noblest charter!'

S T A N Z A S.

When time for injuries confers the power
To crush the thankless snake our bosom warmed,
Though undeserving mercy, if one hour
Our fondness it hath shared, we are disarmed:

While doomed to know our love bestowed in vain,
Debased or driven to want, we cannot smite,
But would forgive, unlock the culprit's chain;
Nay, with fresh tenderness its deeds requite.

Oh for a magic mirror to disclose
The heart's designs ere ushered into view;
What heaps of human passions, crimes and woes,
Such glance might curb, admonish and subdue.

THE PIRATE'S LAST PLEDGE.

Quick! crown the board with many a flower,
Let song and wine the moments kill!
Pledge, comrades, pledge! and drink this hour —
It is our last — each goblet fill!

The pirate's life by day and night
Is toil, a curse his epitaph;
Then to its close let wild delight
Be his, — quaff, comrades, freely quaff!

ORLA AND CALMAR. *

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

BYRON.

No star is burning in the sky ;
Vapour and cloud swim darkly by ,
Until the gazer's dazzled eye
Revisits earth , where sleep has spread
Oblivion's charm about each head.
Oaks blazing through the valley gleam ,
And Locklin's sons of slaughter dream ;
But Morven's wakeful eyes behold
The moon's first rising , weak and cold :
And hark ! the call of Fingal's shield ,
The call from rest to battle - field !
A thousand arms obey the sound ,
A thousand helms are glittering 'round !

High on a pile of rugged rocks
The monarch stands ; his hoary locks
Wave in the blast ; a weighty spear
Sustains his limbs by many a year

* With some innovations, versified from Lord Byron's imitation of Ossian.

Enfeebled, yet unshook by fear!
The tumult of his bosom none
Might trace, save in his glance alone,
Which anxious watched the infant moon
And one faint streak of redder light
That long seemed struggling with the night;
And as victorious, broader grew
Its empire and of deeper hue,
In words the king's thoughts utterance find,
And speak the counsel of his mind:

• Warriours of Morven! soon will day
• Disperse these clouds of night away,
• Soon Morven Locklin meet; but where
• Is Erin's shield, great Tura's heir?
• What fearless foot will tempt the foe,
• To Tura's halls through Locklin go,
• And bring Cuthullin's mighty chief,
• Ere rise the sun, to our relief? • —

‘Mine’, Calmar cried, ‘be mine the deed;
‘For Erin’s weal would Calmar bleed.’

Then pity touched rough Orla's breast,
He checked the youth's too rash request;
In mild reproof his accents flow,
The warrior felt the brother now:

“ Shall dust dim Calmar’s locks so fair ?
“ Mora his feast in vain prepare ?
“ She listens to each step for thine,
“ If thou return not, she will pine
“ And die — my death can none deprive !
“ Oh live ! for gentle Mora live.
“ Friends ! should I perish, lay this form
“ Where never sweeps the winter’s storm ;
“ Beneath some verdant mossy hill,
“ Whence violets their sweets distil ;
“ Where Lubar’s silver waters flow ;
“ Where vesper breezes softly blow,
“ And bear aloft upon their wings
“ My praises oft as Calmar sings. ”

As thus his brother counselled well,
From Calmar’s eye the tear-drops fell :

“ And think’st thou I could live to raise
“ O’er thee, when gone, the notes of praise ?
“ In childhood did we not divide
“ Our smiles and tears, and side by side
“ The feast of shells and roebuck share, —
“ And shall we not together war,
“ Together fall ! — can fear have power

‘To cancel love in peril’s hour? —

‘If joyful was Oithona’s cave,

‘By Lubar wherefore not a grave?’

No longer Orla urged his stay,

They bend unto the camp their way.

I hear strange sounds of merriment

And mourning, joy and sorrow blent!

’Tis Morven from successful war;

I see their glittering shields afar:

They bear the stiffened limbs of one

Whose race of glory here is run.

A hundred minstrels of the dead

Record full many a warlike deed;

Oh sweetly floats their anthem past!

’Tis as the forest’s every leaf

In Autumn whispering to the blast

(Which heedless blows) its tale of grief;

And hark! the clear and silver song

Of Calmar’s wailing sweeps along:

‘No more shall Calmar track the deer

‘On Morven’s heights, with Orla near;

‘Alone, what joy to him can yield

‘The chase, the spoils of battle field?

‘Orla the rough and tempest worn,
‘To me was as the dew of morn;
‘Though fierce his eye as lightning gleams,
‘’Twas soft to me as silver beams.
‘This blood stained weapon could not save
‘My brother Orla from the grave;
‘Bear its to Mora’s blue-eyed maid,
‘Or hang within my halls the blade:
‘Then lay me where these arms may fold
‘My lost, lost friend! in death now cold!’
And oftentimes would Calmar sing
The songs which Orla loved, and bring
Remembrance back; would sit and dream
Of brighter years beside that stream.
Thus watching by his brother’s tomb,
A flower he withered in his bloom:
And Lubar’s waters gently lave
The time-worn stones that mark their grave.

NIGHT REFLECTIONS.

Pale through these beechen boughs the star-beams glow,
The banquet lamps gleam faintly in the vale;
Sole music here, the winds or nightingale
In concert with the brook’s incessant flow.

Why do I seek the lone and wild retreat,
Preferring such before *yon banquet's glee*?
Its revelry is false, must cease to be:
Stars shine on, Nature's voice is ever sweet!

L I N E S,
WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE,
NEAR COLOGNE.

«Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.» —
HORACE.

The golden god hath set, and left behind
A blue Italian sky and gentle wind;
The moon sails large and clear, her silver beam
Is dancing on the surface of that stream
Whose waters roll away with headstrong force,
Nor heed the beauteous banks which bound their course.
Deep massive shadows from each olden tower
And holy temple solemnize the hour! —
Like truth, the deeds of fledged years arise,
Those deeds no longer wrapt in dark disguise;

Each chastening past, which has a blessing proved,
Much that I reckon! — The young, the lost, the loved;
Home, kindred, friends — all I in life have known!
But lo! th' illusion flies. Sweet music's tone,
The song, the splashing oar and distant bell
Dissolve the dream, the melancholy spell!
Blest spot! where true contentment smiles around;
Where still is heard of merriment the sound;
Where dwells the happy peasant of the Rhine:
Oh, that *his* humbler virtues had been *mine*!

IMPROMPTU.

To — on being shown a charming moonlight
sketch from his pencil.

Here at thy touch, a silver light
The billows, trees, and rocks o'erspread;
There silent shadows deepen night;
Types of the living and the dead:
Life is that light whereon we gaze;
Those shadows are departed days!

A D R E A M.

Horrida tempestas Cœlum contraxit; et imbres
Nivesque deducunt Jovem: nunc mare, nunc silvae
Thracio Aquilone sonant.

HORACE.

Events will crowd upon the slumbering brain,
Approaching so reality, the eyes
Awake and conscious all they had beheld
Was mere illusion, slowly still pry 'round
In quest of shadows; such my last night's dream:
The like ordeal twice I would not bear, —
No, not for worlds! however but a thought,
That thought intense and endless torture seemed!

Unusual softness and tranquillity,
Methought, slept in the open air beneath
A firmament diaphanously blue.
Scarce at her full, the moon stood opposite
Her rival orb, the soul of day as she
Of night; and while they gazed upon each other,
The pallid countenance of Dian grew
Of fiery crimson, and anon, his disk
Waxed wan and cold; as he sank in the West
She vanished, as though *she* had been but *his*

Reflection through immensity of ether.
An instant shone the stars, their gathered eyes
Were like the flaming of a myriad suns;
Then, sudden, blinding blackness covered all.

I heard men reptile-like crawl o'er the ground;
Strange, unknown voices answered to the call
And questioning of strange. Fires kindled were,
But that uncertain glare did more augment
Than pacify the consternation; frantic
Each read despair upon his neighbour's brow;
Hands clinched in hands, they supplicated death,
Oblivious, annihilating death —
And their red eyeballs rolled in search of *him*!
Love — friendship — all affections were extinct;
Each thought, hope, passion, sympathy, desire,
Had frozen and concentrated in *one*:
And brethren brethren smote, the smitten looked
Into his murderer's face and dying blest him:
Their requiem was the blast and thunder-peal;
The lightnings ever as they flashed about,
As funeral torches lit the darkling void.

With savage fury Ocean heaved himself,
His waters stormed far o'er their boundaries,

And then recoiled with hollow gurgling sound;
Unbridled from its caverns clamoured out
The hurricane; the wild Simooms swept by,
One moment with their scorching desert breath,
The next, ice-whirlwinds drove along the surge.
Fast billow upon billow rose and sank,
The sea remoter from the land retired,
Until at last a mighty whirlpool formed;
Whole fleets were buried in the boiling wheel,
And hoarse and dolefully sea-dirges rang.

My vision fled awhile. When it returned,
I saw no signs of life save *one* whose limbs
Were straining up the last huge precipice
Which clasped its giant mountain like a rampart;
With pain his naked bleeding footsoles trod
The sharp and flinty rocks, and when he reached
The longed for summit, shivering, motionless
And faint he knelt amid its gelid snows,
And bathed in them his feverish temples; then
His chin upon his bony fingers bowed,
And made his eye familiar with the scene
Of wreck — the power — the attributes of death.
A sudden gust of air, long hoary locks
Had flung from off his forehead pale and high,

As intellectual ; his face was turned
Intently to the glowing embers of
A city's walls which wound the mountain's base :
That burning heap enshrined his father's dust ;
Home — kingdom — kindred — all had perished there.
By the red waning light I could discern
In his quick, haggard, anxious glances, sparks
Of genius — immortality of mind !
But indistinct and shadowy grew his form,
And soon I lost it in increasing gloom.

As quenched the latest beacon of destruction,
O'er rayless darkness rose a silver star —
One large, clear, silver star ; pale, beautiful
And brilliant ! solitary glowing through
Immensurable, interminable space,
The centre and the spirit, with such fixed,
Serene, attractive, penetrating light,
My fancy gave to it the lineaments
Of Him, who present, witnessed what his word
Had struck from nothingness to life, dissolving,
To mingle now with his Eternity ;
Eternity, the vassal of his will —
His pastime — origin and end of all !
As contemplating I adored the flame,

These words reechoed through the vaulted heavens
And tore the deep foundations of the earth:
"THE SPIRIT WHO CREATED IT, DESTROYS!"
"EARTH IS NO MORE!" and rapidly began
A rushing like to warring multitudes,
And tossing motion as of wrecking breakers.
Amid the wild disorder which ensued,
From Nature struggling in her final hour,
The torture of distracted elements,
Each hurrying into ancient chaos back,
With thaw-chill burden at my heart, I woke!

REFLECTIONS ON FINDING A DEAD ROBIN.

Sweet bird! the languid year in grief
Hath shed o'er thee its yellow leaf;
A shroud to wrap thy slender clay.
When Winter's gone, and Spring is gay,
These woods with music will rejoice;
But never more shall sound *thy* voice,
To dying day its notes prolong,
Or hail the morning light with song.

Cold, silent is that form, as we, —
As all in after years must be.
Yet how unlike to ours *thy* life!
Thou did'st not mix in worldly strife,
Thou did'st not walk in evil ways —
But innocently spent thy days;
A chord of love and harmony.
Ere we can slumber peacefully,
Are many bitter things, as care,
Reproach and scorn, for *us* to bear!

A BIRTH-DAY SONG,
TO HENRY WEBER ESQr,
*shortly about to emigrate with his family to
America.*

Oh, there are moments most blest
'Mid the troubles of life;
Some little pauses of rest
From its feverish strife:
Some sunny spots upon earth,
Where affections all blend; —
Thus, celebrating the birth
Of a virtuous friend.

Even the guardians of men
Solemnize it each year;
Since a pure spirit is then
To Elysium more near.

'Twixt us proud Ocean may roll;
Hearts, he cannot divide:
High every thought of the soul
Overleaps his dark tide!

Raise then each glass and each voice!
Bring the next what it may —
Fully, companions, rejoice!
Welcome, welcome to day!

IMPROMPTU.

Alas! there are few opiates for the ills
Which woman bears — no peace but in the grave.
Soon as she falls, her blighted heart distils
A grief, to which Time renders her the slave
Man braves each passion-storm with stronger mind,
Plunges in present life, and leaves the past behind.

TO _____

What though affection's bond be torn,
Should that have power to teach thee scorn?

Of calumny and grief
Long years have failed to blot the name
Of her I love, it is the same
On memory's hallowed leaf.

No harsh decree, no deed of mine,
But false and fatal pride of thine:

The wrecked on desert shore
Are hopeless, though the winds be still;
So doth despair my bosom chill, —
To think we meet no more!

Oh, better 'twas at once to part,
Since we were wholly changed in heart:

And yet, a voice doth seem
To whisper peace, to it I cling,
Though it should dark oblivion bring —
A cold sepulchral gleam!

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

Warriour and pilgrim marched, a mighty band;

Yet few saw Holy Land:

Their graves the scorching sand their footsoles trod,

Without a stone or sod!

Each tongue was fire, some cursed, some prayed, — in vain

There fell no drop of rain.

Their limbs grew torpid, and their eye-balls flame —

And then delirium came.

In numbers steed and rider day by day

Diminished away;

At last the very vulture sated fled,

Forsook the mangled dead.

As woman joys to hear her firstborn's voice,

These wanderers did rejoice

To gain a respite from the solar light,

And drink the air of night:

Yet quenchless thirst to them all sleep denied:

Like withered leaves they died;

While o'er them with hot breath and hollow moan

The Simoom hurried on.

One morn, as rose the remnant of their band,

No wilderness of sand

Their tortured eyes beheld, but lovely isles
 Arrayed in summer smiles;
Abundant fruits, and flowers, and valleys fair;
 And lakes were glittering there,
And cities bordered on their margins green,
 Where human forms were seen
With signs and smiles appearing to invite —
 Each aspect wore delight!
In foretaste now their weary joints repose,
 Their toils and sufferings close;
They roam at large, they pluck ambrosial fruits,
 Are lulled by dulcet flutes.
All rushed to share this paradise, — again
 They trod the arid plain!
'Twas but a phantom world! delusion sweet!
 Too like the hopes which cheat
Young hearts; too like the changeful sky above;
 And too like human love!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

To call to mind, two lines suffice as well,
When all we feel, a thousand cannot tell.

ON REVISITING A SCENE OF MY YOUTH.

Cold watery vapours thicken fast around,
Levelling the woods and mountains to a plain;
Some lattice-lights still tremble in its haze;
And peals of village bells at intervals
Mixed with the busy hum of multitudes,
Come stealing through the silence of the night.
Bright holds the queen of heaven her starry course,
The willow dips its branches in the deep,
As winds along the foliage creep, and wake
A faint low murmur 'mid the rocks above.
Dark shadows hide the distance of the lake,
While fish with moonbeams frolic near my feet;
And there are growing woodbines and wild roses,
Sweet even as I left them in my boyish days:
Yes, they have altered nothing; they look now
As *then* in natural freshness beautiful
Though Winter of its blossoms spoil the plant,
Approaching Spring will them again restore, —
To it will youth return; not so my heart!
Years wasted have thy blossoms, and for ever!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Each moment some to life are born,
Each moment some from life are torn;
All sink into th' eternal tide, —
All — passion, power, beauty, pride:
Count o'er the generations gone,
Yet still the flood of Time rolls on! —
Then should we not of every good
Accumulate immortal food,
Since guilty thought and low delight
Will be the soul's unwholesome blight:
But virtuous deeds like gentle rains
To drooping flowers and scorched plains!

THREE STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

'Mid greenwood slope, fresh blooming hill and glade,
Came bubbling from the rock a silver spring;
In sunshine while its waters ever played,
Diaphonous and calm their wandering:
That source was Infancy, a pure and happy thing!

I followed on; a torrent now it rushed,
Impetuously uprooting many a flower
Which grew upon its banks, had scarcely blushed
To life in sun, and wind, and April shower:
'Twas Youth, his strength of limb, and his destructive
power.

A last, a mighty river it had swelled;
Monotonous and dark, with energy
Decreased, through sterile heavy sands impelled,
It hollowed out its way to meet the sea:
'Twas Age, its journey labouring to eternity.

ON REVISITING THE SCENE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I played along these banks in infancy;
Unto my mirth these mountains made reply:
This is the branch whereon I used to swing;
My lip hath often quaff from yonder spring.
All look the same as once. — Clear water, thou
Beheld'st my aspect *then*, — behold it *now*!
I dare not meet myself reflected in —
So great the change from Innocence to Sin.

THE PRODIGAL'S FATE.

What is youth? — a dancing billow,
Winds behind, and rocks before! —

WORDSWORTH

I saw him climb the vessel's side,
With smiles he left his natal shore;
But once upon the boundless tide,
Full many a thought of home, before
Unfelt, in bitterness arose — apart
He turned, nor checked the weakness of his heart.

In lands beneath a burning zone,
Within the lap of luxury tost,
Young, heedless, but to pleasure prone,
I next beheld him — he was lost
In labyrinths of crime; whence quickly came
Misfortune, grief, and punishment, and shame.

Once more he sought his father's hearth;
How three short years had changed his fate;
He parted thence with all the mirth
And innocence of boyhood's state,
And now, his hollow cheeks showed mingled scorn
And wild distrust — a breast by passions torn!

He had in truth reverses known,
Had suffered heavily and long
For deeds, full ofttimes not his own:
Ay, those that heaped upon him wrong,
As vipers in his open heart had dwelt,
And stung the hand whose bounty they had felt!

Anon, within an ancient pile
I marked him pace with hurried tread,
A maiden's hand he pressed the while
Unto his lips, and they were wed:
But even truth will prove affection's bane,
And jealousy the whitest virtue stain.

True love from holiest fountain springs!
And such was theirs, if boundless trust
Be love, the pure imaginings
Of kindred souls unsoiled by lust;
They so had loved — yet broken is the tie —
Their ways on earth must henceforth separate lie.

A pine, whose boughs are torn away
By hurricane; or lightning rent
A giant structure in decay,
Which yet hath spared some battlement

To bid the eye its prouder day recall :
So *he* — their pride was *his*, and *his* their fall!

The shafts of fate afflict no more,
From all communion with his kind
Cut off, on tomes of mystic lore
He dwells, new thoughts pervade his mind ;
His friends are stars, and hills, and rushing streams
And past calamities appear as dreams.

THE CHURCH-BELL.

One hour, the bell
Its marriage music gave ;
The next, a knell
Resounded o'er a grave.
That bell is rife
With fate ; fatal its breath !
A voice of life
It hath, — a tongue of death !
Inviting half mankind to glee,
The other, to Eternity !

STANZAS
TO ——— ON PARTING.

Sic quam vis aberat placitae praesentia formae,
Qua dederat praesens forma manebat amor. —

OVID.

The bark awaits! a few short days,
And other eyes will meet thy gaze;
Fresh scenes surround, and stranger hands
Be clasped by thine in distant lands;
Yet oh, sometimes when thoughts are free,
By forest shade or moonlit sea,
At twilight hour remember me!

It was the hour that first we met,
The hour we parted with regret;
Could *they* but speak, the *waves*, the *air*,
For thee are loaded now with prayer.
In life a thousand things there are
The heart's bright schemes of bliss to mar,
But memory can travel far,

And dreams of love a rapture wake,
E'en when realities forsake.

Yes! there are tones and words which bind
A spell, like music on the mind;
Deep burning glances that remain;
And kindled hopes, we still retain,
Though conscious all are nursed in vain!

RETROSPECTION.

It is the voice of years! —

OSSLAN.

As clouds arise and sink,
As sands the dew-drop drink,
Life glides away: a beam —
A shower — a doubtful dream!

When youth's delusive spell
Is riven, how few can dwell
Upon their fleeted years
With no embittering tears!

Stern, unforgiving Time,
Of folly and of crime,
His certain reckoning brings, —
A thousand buried things!

S T A N Z A S.

Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fraga,
Frigidus, O pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba. —
VIRGIL.

I tried each scene of mirth,
Of revelry and wine;
The pride and pomps of earth, —
They all were mine.

The dome of luxury,
The couch of wild desire,
And charms to which both eye
And heart aspire.

I found them but deceive;
As torches' passing gleams
The darkness darker leave,
As fever's dreams, —

But no reality!
All sadness left, distrust,
And care, and vacancy,
And cold disgust.

The crowd with smiles approve;
Their smiles from flatt'ry's page
Are borrowed oft, their love
But passion's rage.

Intoxicating glare!

Shine on, but not for me:
Woods, sky, and mountain air,
I fly to ye.

REGRET ON MEETING.

It grieves us less to view the dead,
Than coldly shun with hasty tread
The form of *one* we loved of yore,
Alas! we loved — but dare no more.
To pass in silence at each meeting,
No joy, no mutual glance of greeting;
But trembling, downcast eyes and cheek
Of flame, yet these what anguish speak!
A mingled shame and fond regret,
A love we cannot quite forget.

STANZAS
ON MEETING, AFTER A SEPARATION OF
MANY YEARS.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HORACE.

Oh never let those lips of thine
Such cruel question ask of me,
Oh never breathe those words again, —
‘Do I remember thee?’

Whole seas and lands between, though time
A weight of care and anguish brought,
Yet neither distance, time, nor care,
Of thee could banish thought!

In banquet halls 'mid revelry,
Such thought hath darkened all with sadness;
Such thought hath soothed when sorrow's might
Had driven my mind to madness.

I oft have dreamed of thee; in bower,
In crowded city thou wert there;
And fresh our parting scene arose —
Thy grief, and my despair!

The place — the hour — our moonlit walk

Its moments of calm reverie!

All these return — but where are they, —

Thy vows of constancy?

Though many a beauteous form has crossed

My path, I sighed for none but thee:

An exile knows not half the pain

Thy loss hath proved to me.

Long years have changed thee, still I trace

Remembrance in that tearful eye:

Ye dreams of youthful tenderness,

In vain we bid ye fly!

The soul may conquer grief — the heart

Entomb its joys — the frame decay:

But where *first love* his image stamps,

No line will wear away.

Yet, since thou art another's bride,

'Twere weak, nay crimeful to regret;

I will arise and hence — my hopes

Resign, but not forget.

Farewell! blest be thine offsprings' days,
And glad thy home! I will away, —
In solitude, oftentimes to think
Of thee — for thee to pray.

One fairy spot in regions far,
One gentle vision will abide
When cares oppress, when time's rude hand
Hath swept all else aside.

Farewell! but never more thy lips
Such cruel question ask of me;
Oh never breathe those words again, —
'Do I remember thee?'

THE REMEMBRANCE OF A HAPPY EVENING.

A thousand stars were looking down; the moon's pale beams
Had woven forms, fantastic as the sleeper dreams.
O'er land and water meditative silence stole,
And as a mother lulls her babe, composed my soul.
It was a night on which the poet's breast is fraught

With heaven, when angels are the bearers of each thought.
The very sea, unwilling to disturb such tranquil hour,
Had made his fretful billows creep upon the shore;
The distant woods were mute, or only whispering heard;
The weary winds were slumbering in their caves; the bird
Of night pursued so noiselessly its airy way,
Some visitant it seemed from realms of endless day. —
I lost all measurement of time, and scarcely knew
The perishable nature of the breath I drew;
For there are moments when the glorious spirit spurns
Its narrow prison, and with holier passion burns,
Diffusing over all it meets enchanted light,
E'en animating stones and making life more bright:
What marvel we our human bonds awhile forget?
When thus, air, ocean, earth and sky, in peace are met!

THE NUN.

O'er blooming heath and meadow flowers
(Swelling their cups to drink the shower
Of dew, heaven's boon, which falls to bless
With fragrancy and loveliness!)
A maiden tripped; so light her foot,

The grass more bended to salute
Than sink beneath her sylph-like tread;
Each flower appeared to lift its head,
To shoot up fresher from its bed.
The dark robe of the cloister folded
With grace 'round limbs as graceful moulded:
That veil, which from the world concealed,
Her hand had drawn aside, her sight
To banquet on the landscape bright,
A breaking summer day revealed;
But soon impatiently again
She drew it o'er her brow, as pain
Was mingled with such prospect fair,
Or, that remembrance lingering there,
Had some unholy thought awoken;
For while she kissed the sacred token,
Her quivering lips a name exprest, —
A mortal name! and straight, her breast
Was shaken by an inward strife:
Turned back were pages of her life;
Not what *should be* — but what *had been* —
That moment she beheld; a scene
How different from the silent cell
Wherein she dwelt, must ever dwell.

But heaven, her constant theme was *there*,
From matin hymn to vesper prayer.
Its votaries but little pause
Devotion leaves for retrospection;
Yet in the present scene there was
A something which recalled affection,
And down her cheeks the tears fast rolled,
As if long forcibly controled:
Sorrow on earth is woman's own,
Ay, oft her portion *it* alone.
Religion may impart relief,
Or pride or duty soften grief;
But these though potent, feeble prove
To quench the mightier spells of love.
That passionate and subtle flame
Eludes the gaze, but burns the same:
As subterranean fire, unseen,
Wastes on and on the mountain's green.
Oh numberless are they, the crowd
Of smitten hearts which pine and die
In spite of scornful lip, of proud
Cold air, and careless-seeming eye.

The maiden saw blown from the tree
A leaf: 'thus love deserted me;

‘And like that leaf still on the stream
‘Is borne away, so too, a dream
‘Will float along my memory yet,
‘I cannot — neither would forget!’

TO A CONVALESCENT

An early walk by forest, lake and mead,
Beneath the open sky, to one late freed
From lengthened sickness, fever's restless dreams,
Is second life — all new created seems!
Those cheeks by suffering worn and wan,
The rose of health again shall freshen on;
Again renewed, shall heavy locks of hair
Adorn thy neck and wanton in the air.
Lament not thus each absent charm, sweet maid!
The fairest and the purest things must fade:
Spring doth the earth in flower and leaf equip,
Autumnal winds its blossoms strew, its foliage strip.

*To an American lady, on her return to America
from Germany, where she had met with the
coldest reception in those from whom she had
every right to expect greater kindness.*

Lady, o tarry not here!

Spread the sail

To the gale

Fanning thine own sunny sphere.

Here are the heart and the hand

Shut and cold,

Bought and sold:

Such are they not in thy land.

Springs in the desert are found,

But how few! —

Thus for you,

Some 'mid the throngs which surround,

Some gentle bosom may beat:

Yet depart,

For the heart

Shrinks from the ice it must meet.

L O V E.

You counsel me to dwell no more
On golden days of rapture o'er;
Lived ever mortal who could fling
O'er passion dark oblivion's wing?
Oh, point not then to higher aim,
Call it not guilt to feed my flame!
I well believe cold reason sways
The heart, when fiery youth decays:
Perchance my mind may cease to rave —
But love must haunt it to the grave! —
I speak not here of form alone,
The well proportioned limb and zone, —
Each charm inviting to embrace!
I speak not of the glowing face!
But soul and soul congenial met:
And *such*, we never can forget.
Vain hope, to stifle what we feel;
Long banished things themselves reveal!
In hours of greatest solitude,
The heart's deep-seated thoughts intrude,
Though calm the pulse, the lips though dumb,
Unbidden and uncalled they come;

They come like shadows, or as beams;
In wakeful musings, or in dreams.
Creations of Promethean mind,
Fanatick fetters cannot bind,
Nor dull philosophy destroy.
Sweet passion! purest fount of joy;
Of life itself a vital part,
Without which beats no human heart.

FAREWELL.

Or in the ear of youth or age, that word
Without a secret thrill was never heard.
It fills the mother's breast with pain and doubt,
When first her child 'mid strange life ventures out;
To them whose thoughts, hopes, fears, affections, all
Are one, with withering tone its accents fall:
Yet partings even such as rend the heart
And search like flame the spirit's inmost part,
Bear nothing in their torture to compare
With that dread certainty — that dark despair —
When pale the lifeful o'er the dying dwell,
And each on each lip trembles its farewell!

ON A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

Beneath the rocky steep
The willows idly sleep,
Unruffled is the deep:
Why lovely maiden weep?

A bright blue summer sky
With white clouds sailing by,
Is all that greets thine eye:
Why should'st thou maiden sigh?

• Though gently zephyrs move,
• And skies look bright above;
• Yet they oft faithless prove,
• And so alas, will Love! •

A WELL-MERITED EPITAPH.

'Tis well thy ashes are to earth consigned,
The monster twice, in body and in mind;
Thy birth in Nature's calendar a blot,
Thou wert detested, and shalt be forgot.

REGRET FOR THE YEARS THAT WERE.

My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now.

J. HOOD.

Who ever can forget
Those days? would they were coming yet!
My boyhood's rosy time,
When clear my life's page was from crime;
When friendship firm remains,
Such as our manhood rarely gains;
And when we cherish loves
Which contemplation unrepves,
Too dear to wish effaced,
Too pure, when gone, to be replaced.
Man uncontroled may range
Through foreign lands in restless change,
'Till gray with cares and tears,
Yet still laments your loss sweet years!
Gaze on the *schoolboy's* mirth,
And ask thy heart, if aught on earth,
Or war, or science, passion,
Seclusion, or the blaze of fashion,
Have equal pleasures dealt
To *his* — to those thy childhood felt?

FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.

An hundred cannon from the walls
Proclaimed the feast in Hassan's halls;
But with the sun's departing ray,
Their latest echo died away;
And now each banner's silken fold
Waves stilly down its staff of gold.
Hark! hark! — a deep and hollow sound
From ear to ear is borne around,
Like quick successive peals of thunder,
When summer clouds are rent asunder; —
It still approaches — nearer — now
Is seen a horseman, on his brow
Defiance darkens; torn his vest,
Crimsoned the white robe on his breast,
Which heaves with many a throbbing sigh;
Wild and distracted rolls his eye,
Harrassed his cheek and pale as death,
Hard gasps he for a moment's breath;
Then suddenly by memory stirred,
As though he had some accents heard,
(Such as oft greet the traveller's ear,
Where dwells no human being near;)

He quickly lights — has onward past —
While every step appears his last.

The banquet board with splendour glows,
The grape in golden goblet flows,
Delicious odours fill the air,
And tales go 'round of love and war;
The song, the dance, alternate sway,
And night is changed to jocund day:
Loud laughter rings her merry cry,
And all partake the general glee
Save one who stands with listening ear,
Prophetic of misfortune near!

'Tis when we pleasure most enjoy,
Care enters, pleasure to destroy;
A moment more, the horseman kneels,
And thus his tale of death reveals:

‘ Oh! sad and luckless was the hour
‘ We left thy brother’s lofty tower,
‘ To cross yon desert’s fatal tract;
‘ Strong as a mountain cataract
‘ The robber came, we fought, how well —
‘ This remnant of our band may tell!
‘ Great Alla’s will be done! thy boy
‘ Sleeps calmly, him no cares annoy;

‘I saw the fiery Arab’s dart
‘Steeped in the life’s stream of his heart.
‘O’erpowered, wounded, I sank down,
‘And mingled with the dead unknown, —
‘And felt no more than they, ’till nigh
‘I heard the jackalls’ hungry cry.
‘Mine eyes unclosed upon the night;
‘The moon was sailing large and bright :
‘I rose, I wildly searched around,
‘I knew not what, for all was doubt.
‘At length, beside a mangled mound
‘His pale and beauteous form I found!
‘Twas *his*, though diamond crescent shone
‘Not on his breast, and life was gone.
‘From the rude elements I gave
‘Him shelter, all I could — a grave!’

Each guest is stricken with amaze!
Fixed on the horseman every gaze!
The tear-drops speed from woman’s eyes,
From manhood’s cheek the colour flies;
The father’s heart grows icy cold,
His grasp forsakes the cup of gold:
The wine is scattered on the floor,
And life’s warm current runs no more!

THE INFANT'S SLEEP.

The father's image on the mother's breast!

He that loves gazing on unclouded sky,

Behold that cheek upon its bed of rest,

The fount of love and life to infancy.

Wearied with childish playfulness, that wins

To slumber, and if not unmixed with tears,

Still, unimbittered by the blighting sins

And poisoned thoughts which come with coming years.

Time hath not burdened thee, thou happy boy!

No cares thy young brow darken or disguise:

Thine are as yet, Love, Innocence and Joy —

Sweet, unforbidden fruits of Paradise!

FOR THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Back to thy hand the solitary leaf I bring,

Which though not fresh and verdant as the leaves of Spring,

I yet dare hope will more enduring prove than they,

And ofttimes call to mind the friend when far away:

Then quickly bind it with memorials dear to thee;

And once united, let the link eternal be.

L I N E S

From the author to a lady, from whom he had frequently, but in vain, requested the return of his picture, since she had transferred her affections to a wealthier rival.

— — — — — I shall not be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee!

BYRON.

Thy own lips, thy own lips sealed my sentence, yes, she
Whose bright beauty intralled my heart first, set it free.
When despising the giver, his gift why possess?
Why, rejecting the lover, his shadow caress?
If it ever had charms, such invest it no more;
Then, my pledge, foolish pledge of affection restore.
Can it be, thou preserv'st it, thy triumph to boast?
Or that, lady, thou deem'st I enough have not lost —
Oh, enough have not borne, thou would'st lengthen my pain?
Give me back, give me back my poor token again!
Since to gaze on it now cannot yield thee delight,
And to share, I would scorn, though with seraphim bright,
The girl's heart I believe once my own, 'till it proved
More desirous to glitter in gold than be loved.

All the soul's burning anguish, too proud to reveal,
I in silentness felt, yet have long ceased to feel;
Fare thee well! with the breast's purest feelings go play,
Go and gather its honey, and haste its decay:
Nay, I will not reproach thee, in peace let us part;
But return thou my *picture*, I ask not thy *heart*!

TO THE SUN.

Thou dost rise, and shine, and set in glory!

BYRON.

All beauteous orb! thou dost arise,
And as a vapour darkness flies.
Thou callest up man from his rest —
Sheep from the fold — birds from their nest!
Alike thy power on sea and land;
The billows shine, the flowers expand:
The stars of heaven thy presence fly,
The moon herself forsakes the sky;
Snow vanishes, and storms obey —
Storms roll beneath thy feet away!
In thee all opposites unite,
Extremes, both fruitfulness and blight:
Thy work, creating and undoing!

Thy gifts, prosperity and ruin!
In zones where all is dim and drear,
'Tis thine the peasant's soul to cheer;
And thine to crown his sweat and toil,
With plenteous crops to load the soil.
'Tis thine to nerve the spirit weak,
To bless with health the faded cheek;
To tranquilize and soften care, —
To shed bright hope on dark despair!
Far on the deep, the fragile sail
'Tis thine to warn from rock and gale;
The pilgrim's guide through forests dark;
The bow of mercy to the ark! —
How blest one beam of thine to those
A dungeon's narrow walls enclose;
(To dream of light is consolation,
In such a spot of desolation!)
How welcome, when their eyes once more
Can gaze on scenes they loved of yore.
Lo! where a shower of golden rays
Descends 'mid incense and sweet praise,
Where at an altar lovers bow,
And breathe the inviolable vow;
And where the locks of children fair

Droop gently down in pious prayer.
Thou lightest up the mouldering wall,
Where war and song mixed in the hall:
The owl 'midst ivy makes its bed —
Warriour and wassailer are fled!
Where hostile bands to battle meet,
There fiercely burns thy noonday-heat;
And where the cold, sepulchral stone
Weighs on the dust of ages gone.

Thou noter of Time's rapid pace!
Surviving all! — pervading space!
When earth is bound with icy-chain,
'Tis thine to set it free again!
Pure image of the Infinite,
In whom both life and death unite!
Upon thy disk, Chaldea's seer
Beheld the fall of kingdoms near!
Creation's witness thou, when first,
A world of light through chaos burst!
Type of that peace, high truths impart —
Religion waking in the heart!

IMPROMPTU.

Though pleasures of the world beguile,
Though we in tears to prove our anguish scorn;
In absence though our lips should smile,
Yet oft to those we love may thoughts be borne:
Affection lives not on the lip, nor in the eye;
'Tis treasured in the heart, and there can never die!

S T A N Z A S.

For ever, say not, love! those words recall,
Since they are fraught with bitterness and tears;
The loss of mutual smiles, and hopes, and all
That now we feel — have felt from childhood's years.

Last eve, I sought the bower, thou know'st it well,
Where thou and I, the ring-dove and its mate
Would pause, unwilling to disturb the spell,
'Till quite unconscious of the hour how late.

Last eve I wandered there, but not a sound
Awoke the drowsy air, of step or song;
A rose's leaves lay scattered on the ground,
And from the rose thy hand had cherished long.

Such omen seen, my heart foreboded sorrow,

How true alas! this moment bids us sever:

To-day's bright hopes are gone *to-morrow*!

O for the clime, where love endures for ever.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

The nightingales called from the boughs of the trees,

And low bent the cedar and pine to the breeze.

The river rolled chafing its fresh grassy bank,

And mountain flocks came and the cooling tide drank;

While brightly through leaves of the forest, the wave

Reflected each beam the moon tremblingly gave.

The mists gathered faster as daylight declined;

And murmurs grew softer of streamlet and wind.

Three beings I saw: the one gazed upon heaven —

Each feeling, each sense, and each thought was there given.

A second, knelt motionless on the bare earth —

No smile lit his cheek, not a record of mirth.

The third, a young lover all recklessly gay,

Sate dreaming his life in deep raptures away.

I turned from all these: time had taught me that Sadness,

And Science, and Love, often ended in madness.

ZULIMA'S SONG IN CAPTIVITY.

Down sinks the beauteous orb of day!

These towers receive his latest beam,
Reflecting back that golden ray

Within the trembling stream.

I strive to wake my lyre in vain

To gay and mirthful song; with low
And feeble answering dies the strain,
And tears unbidden flow.

The zephyrs move their dewy wings;

The flowers their chalices uprear;
The Bulbul in the plantain sings,

‘All things are gladsome here.’

The spacious heaven and earth with voice

According, echo they are glad;
All seem to brighten and rejoice, —
This breast alone is sad.

Alas! the purest ties of love

Are oftentimes ungently riven:
The wretched still shall meet above,
For them is peace in heaven!

TO ADA IN HEAVEN.

Her dust is here — her spirit there —
Eternity! O tell me where?

Anonymous.

Ada! when hill and forest heard

Thy song at Spring's gay jubilee,
Than all the carols of the bird,

More musical that song to me;
Thy presence dearer, than by wakeful eyes when seen
The break of day on hill, and stream, and valley green.

This spot my Paradise on earth!

I sought not, envied not the rest.
Amid these scenes I had my birth,

And thee, of all around the best:
No longing vain, no idle dream disturbed my heart;
Contented but with thee, from life to dwell apart.

In hours of joyance thou wert by,

Thy soothing words my sorrows quelled;
Abandoned now, for death I sigh,

By his rude hand from thee withheld:
Oft at declining day I watch the sinking sun,
And with his latest beam, wish my existence done!

The winds by fits their voices wake ;

The moon and stars illumine the sky ;

The swan is dreaming on the lake ;

While fast the young fawns sleeping lie
Upon thy grave : o ! hasten *here*, if the strong power
Of love can charm a spirit down in such an hour.

My home, like me, is desolate ;

The beech beneath whose boughs thy lute
Was heard, now droops inanimate, —

And 'round it bee and bird are mute :

Oh, two-fold bitterness ! to grow as we grew *one*,
From childhood loving, loved — and then be left alone.

TO A MUCH INJURED FRIEND.

Alas ! what retribution have I made to thee ?

To thee — when fatherless, a father unto me !

Ungracious was it, while misfortunes girt thee 'round,
And when I should have poured in every aching wound
Sweet balsam, in that hour to heap upon thee wrong.
Yet thou wilt greatly pardon, for I know that, long,
Resentment in a noble bosom cannot live :

But think on human nature — pity, and forgive !

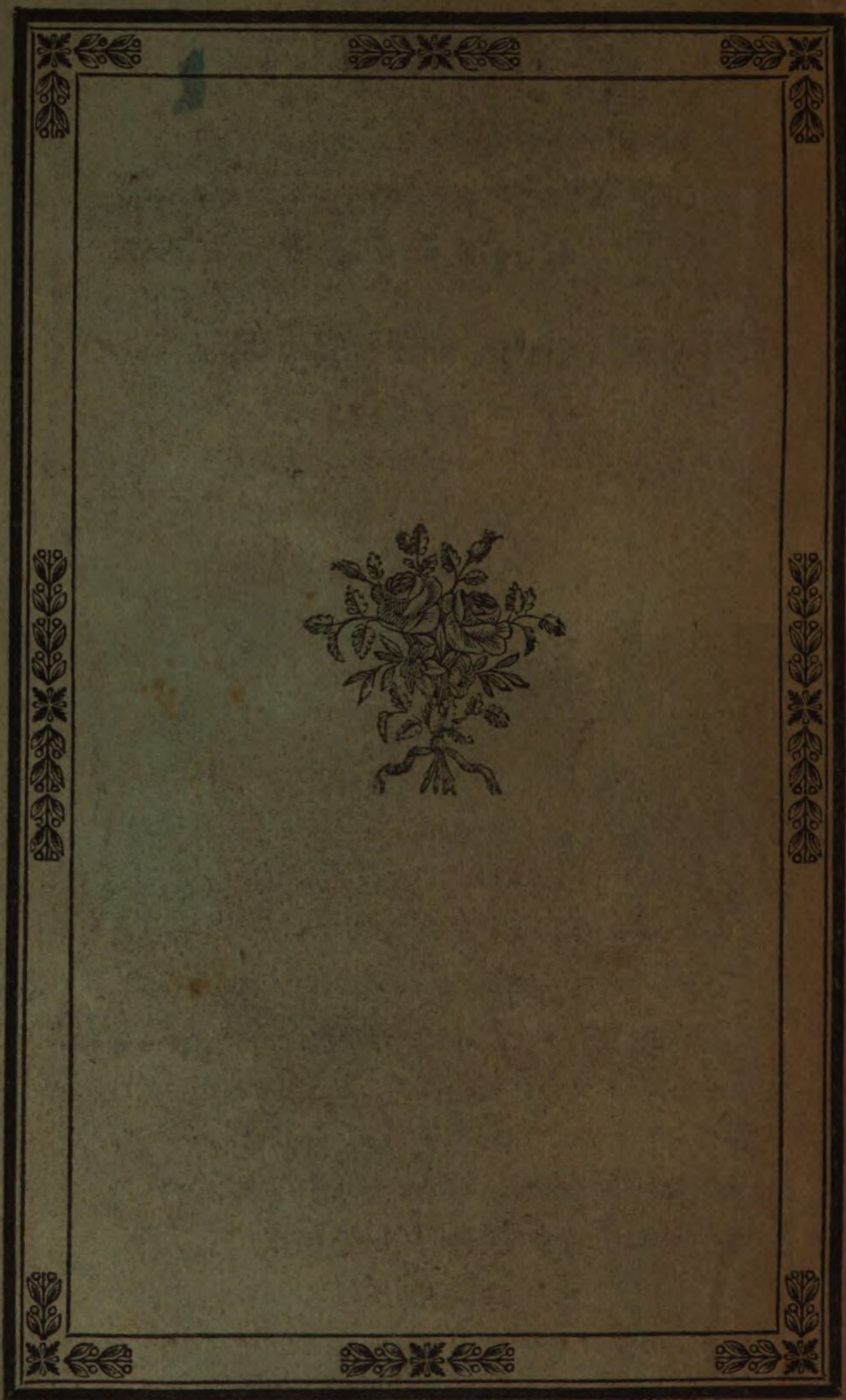
The End.

Supplementary Errata to Volume the First.

Page 43; for KOEKNER, read KOERNER. — Page 83, line 7 in the speech of the Marquis; for *wordly*, read *worldly*. — Page 121, line 7 from the bottom; for *an*, read *and*. — Page 125, line 13; for *an*, read *and*. — Page 128, line 6; for *seperately*, read *separately*.

Supplementary Errata to Volume the Second.

Page 40, second stanza, line 2; for *the*, read *to*. — Page 63, for IMPROMTU, read IMPROMPTU. — Page 77, line 2 from the bottom; for *diaphonous*, read *diaphanous*. — Page 96, line 3 from the bottom; for *the*, read *thou*.



Hodges, Charles,

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